



HARRY

*Carter*

A NEW MOON SERIES

A Steamy Werewolf Romance

INGE MAYHEM

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# A NEW MOON

Harry Carter

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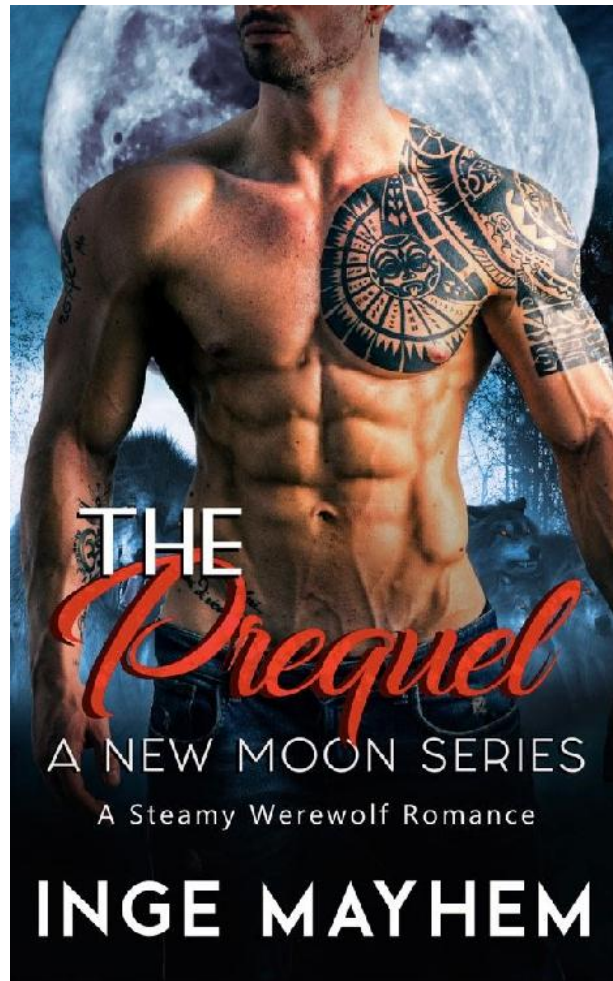
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*Blood, bodies, and more blood...*

These are the sources of 52 year old Dr. Megan Sanders worries at the hospital in Lyca District. That, and the secrecy with which the police department handled the continuous inflow of dead bodies. Each victim was badly injured and on the brink of death.

One particular thing that bothered her the most were the scars, deep cuts, and their cut tongues.

The Brawl Night Games, the Gutter Grounds, the secrecy and the deception.

Which of these would she uncover first? With the dark clouds that now hang over Lyca District, how much danger is the doctor willing to face in order to discover the truth?

As she comes in contact with the popular yet mysterious Harry Carter, Megan is unaware that her life now hangs in the balance and mystery of Lyca District.

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## Chapter 1

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All Harry felt was pain. His vision was blurred from the deep scratch on his left eye. His heart struggled to pump blood to the places that mattered and added to the adrenaline that was coursing through him. He knew that a severe exhaustion would follow soon enough.

Still, as he stood over the body of his fallen foe, Harry Carter knew that he had won, but only for now. It wasn't the end though, but he decided to count his small victories.

He looked around the circle that had been formed. He watched the werewolves, as they stood, their eyes on him. No one dared to come forward—he had won.

With his body severely injured, he knew that he didn't have the strength for another fight. His injuries were too serious and numerous to heal fast. If his enemies decided to attack him, he would be at their mercy.

As he stood, panting and heaving, another werewolf came up to stand beside him. It was his ally and confidant, Reginald. Reginald was one of the older and more powerful werewolves, although Harry was significantly stronger.

The werewolf trait was more controlled in werewolves who were at the prime of their lives. Those in their thirties and early forties were the strongest and fastest. The older they got, they tended to lose their strength slowly, but by that time, most werewolves had acquired such respect during their earlier lives that none dared to challenge them.

Reginald stood tall on his hind legs. His hands were incredibly muscular—a far cry from when he was in his human form. But as the full moon shone down, he was free to show his true nature, and it was intimidating. His fur was pitch black; only his glowing red eyes could be seen in the darkness by a normal human, but it was no problem for the wolves that surrounded them.

Both of them were in enemy territory, but wolves all over the world were particular about their codes and behaviors. Harry had feared that the Mafia wouldn't honor his agreement of a fair fight, on the night of the Apex. It was clear that they were livid because Harry had won, but there was nothing they could do.

Reginald tried to help Harry to stand up straight, but Harry rejected the help. He didn't want to show any sign of weakness in front of his enemies. The moment that Reginald understood this, he stopped trying to render assistance. Instead, he walked proudly beside his leader as they both prowled away slowly. With the moon still high in the air, they needed a place to sleep, and they needed it fast, but they would not be accepted anywhere in the Gutter Grounds. Nobody that worked for the Mafia would let them in, and no human, who was in their right mind, would let two werewolves into their house.

They made the decision to run into the woods; there they would spend the cold night—the night of a great victory for Harry and all that he stood for.

Harry woke up the next morning and was surprised to see that he was lying on something soft. His eyes shot open in shock, and he saw the white sheets beneath him. He was on a bed. A quick look around the room showed him that he wasn't just on a bed, he was back in his bedroom. He stood from the bed, and a headache came. It wasn't a strong one, but it was still something that he felt.

As the headache started to subside, Harry realized that he was naked. He moved quickly to his walk-in wardrobe, he picked up a pair of pants and slipped them on. He was about to grab a shirt, but he was interrupted by the sound of the door to his room being pushed open. He walked out shirtless and came face-to-face with Reginald.

"Good morning, Master Carter," Reginald greeted. "You look quite well-rested this morning."

"Yeah," Harry said slowly. "How did you manage to get us back home this morning?"

"Well, I didn't go through a fight to the death last night," Reginald started. "So, I didn't have much to worry about. I woke up almost immediately after we turned back to our regular forms. Our clothes were in shambles, so there was nothing for us to wear. I had to steal a few clothes from a house nearby, and while I wore those, I was able to flag down a taxi. Convincing the taxi to carry myself and an unconscious man to a penthouse in the city, at such an ungodly hour of the day, was not an easy task in the slightest, but as you may know, everyone has a price."

"You are an absolute lifesaver, Reginald," Harry praised. "I don't know what I would have done if you weren't there."

"Oh, nonsense," Reginald admonished. "There was one more thing though; I sensed that there was a werewolf watching us last night. Maybe it was one of the werewolves

from the Mafia. But luckily, it didn't come too close to us, so we weren't in any danger or anything. I just felt that maybe you should know.

You were challenged by the best that the Mafia had to offer, and you won. I doubt getting home after that would have posed as a problem for you, Master Harry."

"I didn't want that," Harry said. His words were heavy, and they weighed him—and the room—down. It felt like the air in the room had suddenly dissipated. Harry walked to the bed and sat down on it. Reginald walked beside him and stood, watching the billionaire.

"I understand," Reginald said. "It was a necessary evil. They crossed a line that they should not have crossed. They targeted that doctor and murdered her in cold blood, even after you made the rule that there should be no murders perpetrated by the Mafia outside of the Gutter Grounds. The fact that they did such a vile thing was a clear breach; they were challenging you. Accepting the fight on the Apex was the best choice that you could have made."

"I believe you," Harry said. "I know that it was the necessary thing, but I didn't want to kill anyone. My hand was forced, and I had to kill. I fought like a monster—"

"You fought like a warrior," Reginald corrected. "You fought like a king, and you are one. You are making a home for your people, and they will appreciate the sacrifices you have had to make. Besides, your efforts are already yielding fruits.

"What do you mean?" Harry asked. He sat back up; his interest had been piqued.

"I got a call from home," he announced proudly. There was a beaming smile on his face. "Some families have decided to

make a move. You grandfather's cousins, the Montgomery family, are coming to this district soon. They are also bringing over their construction business, to make their headquarters here in the United States. Although it's not in this district—that's understandable. They have seen what you have been able to do, and now, they have decided to follow in your footsteps. You are a king, Master Carter. You have created your own kingdom, now your subjects will come to your aid, one by one.”

Harry felt something that he hadn't felt in quite some time: hope. It wasn't like he was going through some great distress, or anything of the sort, but he needed backing. He needed his family if he wanted to completely run the Mafia out of the district. All he had done was prove that he was not to be messed with, and in that regard, he had kept the Mafia in their place. Now he wanted to get rid of them altogether.

“That is amazing news,” Harry said.

“You've healed quite nicely,” Reginald commented. “Most of the bruising and cuts are completely gone. But that cut to your eye, it seems like it might take a bit longer to heal completely—maybe in a day or two.”

Harry sensed the concern in Reginald's voice. He looked up at the man and saw him staring down at him, with a caring expression. He didn't like it when people were worried about him.

“Don't worry about it,” Harry said. Everything will still go according to plan. I shall follow my schedule as it was before.”

“Of course,” Reginald said. The worry was still evident in his voice, but his face and expression were back to normal. “I

have set up your meeting with the doctor. He awaits a day that would be to your convenience.

"Excellent, Reginald. Thank you."

"Of course, sir," Reginald answered. "I shall take my leave now. I'm very sure you'd still like to have some rest. I shall be back with some breakfast for you in an hour or so." He gave a slight nod, then he walked out the door.

Harry smiled. He watched as Reginald walked away. Immediately, when the door closed behind the man, Harry collapsed onto the bed. He was tired, as much as he would hate to admit it, to anyone. His fight had taken too much from him, physically, but also mentally too.

He knew that he wasn't going to fight against the alpha. That was a given; right from the start. If Harry had fought against the alpha werewolf from the Mafia, and had won, he wouldn't be having the problem of having to put the Mafia in check, *he* would completely control it.

That wasn't what had happened though, instead, he had fought a champion of sorts. He had fought a champion that they had chosen within themselves, and the fight had been close. He hadn't expected the person he fought to be so dangerous, but his skill and training won out in the end. Harry knew how to fight—really fight. He had been taught so many forms of martial arts, when he lived with his mother's family, and he had never taken a single lesson for granted because he knew that one day, they would stand between him and death. He wasn't wrong.

It was inevitable that the Mafia would challenge him again. It was only a matter of time. They needed to choose another champion that was not only stronger, but braver too, because after the fight that he had, it was going to take a huge amount of courage for anyone to decide that they

were going to fight against him. Still, it wasn't entirely impossible; it would happen eventually, but Harry aimed to make that the last time.

He kept finding himself overjoyed that his family looked like they were starting to listen to him, and they would eventually be coming to join him in the home he created. If enough of them came, in the end, he would have enough werewolves to end the Mafia: once and for all. For now, he would settle for his small victories in development, and the large victory he had achieved in battle.

Harry walked around his room restlessly, until he happened upon a mirror. He took a good look at himself. His white—almost silver hair—was a complete mess, his body though, seemed to be in great shape. All the scars, bruises, cuts, and tears that he had sustained the night before, were almost completely gone. He found out that Reginald was right though; the scar above his left eye was taking more time to heal. It would eventually, like all his injuries always did, but it showed the extent that he'd been injured.

He found himself sighing again. Harry had not wanted to take a life in the manner in which he did. He felt like he had dropped down to their level, but there was little else that could be done. It was war, and war had casualties.

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## Chapter 2

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Lance couldn't believe how quickly news travelled. It wasn't like the whole hospital was talking about how Lance was going to be meeting with Harry Carter, but if they were, a good giveaway was the fact that he was currently being interrogated by his colleague, Valerie.

He didn't know how she had found out about it, and it really didn't seem like a big deal to him, but Valerie belonged to a completely different school of thought.

"What? This is a really huge deal. Firstly, there's all the mystery involving the man."

Lance was well aware of that. If he was being honest, he really wanted to meet with Harry too, at least, get to know a bit about him. No one ever seemed to have a clear story, and even those that did, their tales seemed too far-fetched to actually be real.

"Yeah, well, I'm not meeting him for answers about his life. I think this is a strictly professional meeting."

"That is going to be incredibly hard to do," Valerie commented.

"Why?"



"I have seen pictures of the man before. He is beautiful. I mean, he looks so gorgeous, I doubt you'll be able to keep your hands off him."

"I like to believe that I'm professional enough for that not to be a problem," Lance maintained. "Wait, why are we even talking about this? It's clear that you don't know him, and I don't either. When I meet with him, I'll find out all I need to know."

"No, I think it's important to know the kind of man he is," Valerie persisted. "I believe he's a good man, but the circumstances that surround him might not be the best. Besides, has the fact that you might be in danger not crossed your mind?"

A memory crossed Lance's mind in a flash, at the mention of danger. He remembered when he felt he was being chased. It wasn't a feeling though; he *was* being chased, but luckily, something weird had happened. Another car had cut off the car that had been following him, and he was able to escape, as a result of it.

The odd part about the conversation that Lance was currently having, was the fact that he had not mentioned anything about the event to anyone, but somehow, Valerie held the same assumption that he was in danger.

"How am I in danger?" he asked.

"Doctor Megan Sanders," Valerie said, in a whisper. She didn't have to say much more—the story had made its rounds in the hospital. Doctor Megan had not come in to work, on the day that she was supposed to set up an orientation for the new doctors. Most of the day went by. Later that day, a body was rolled into the hospital, and to the dismay of everyone that worked there, she *was* that body. They were told that she had been the victim of a

murder, but no one was allowed to see the body, which was a surprise to everyone around, but Lance.

It was his first day, but he was completely oblivious to the customs of the hospital, unlike Dave and Valerie, who had somehow made themselves acquainted with the ins and outs of the place.

Lance then decided to let that be for a while, but when a second body had come in, only a few days later, his resolve had changed. This body was unidentified, unlike the last one, and the same process had been enacted. A group of police officers had escorted it to the morgue, and then access had been denied.

Lance found out that in a few cases of murders in the district, the family of the deceased were allowed to take the body, but even that process was highly monitored. It intrigued Lance to no end, and soon, his stance on staying away from everything turned into a desire for him. He had promised himself that he would break into the hospital morgue.

Lance also found out that Doctor Sanders had no family around, so her body would be confined to the morgue, with no one to claim it. There had been a small ceremony to honor her, but that seemed like all the respect that she was going to get. Everyone had gone back to their business, quite quickly.

"You know, she was supposed to meet with Harry," Valerie continued. Her voice brought Lance out of his musings. "At least, that's what they say. Next thing, she turns up dead. I don't think that's something you should take lightly."

"It's not something that I'm taking lightly," Lance said. He tried not to keep a bored expression on his face, but most of what Valerie said did not get to or even bother him at all.

He was currently filled with just the desire to explore. The excitement he had wanted was somehow coming. He had finally found a mystery to solve, and here Valerie was, telling him that he should try and stay safe. He didn't actually have any plans of putting himself directly in the pathway of danger, but he knew that he wouldn't be able to rest until he saw what was in that morgue.

To alleviate his guilt, he had, at least, tried to go through the proper sources first, so it wouldn't seem like breaking in was his first resort. But just as he had thought, he was completely denied access. The worst part was that he wasn't denied for any specific reason, he was only told blatantly that he wasn't going to be let in.

"How were you able to deal with that patient from yesterday?" Lance asked, in an effort to change the subject. "Clarence, was it?"

Valerie nodded eagerly, then she went on a full speech about how she had helped the patient. Lance had asked about that, for a specific reason. He knew all about the patient; he had gone through Clarence's file. He knew that the diagnosis wasn't an easy feat, as such, when he found out that Valerie had successfully diagnosed the patient, it was easy to decipher that she would love nothing more than to talk about it.

As she continued to speak, Lance continued to think of ways to get into the morgue. The morgue was locked with a passcode that was changed every single week. That way, if someone was taken into the morgue and the staff saw the passcode, they wouldn't be able to get in, if they tried after too long. The thing was, most people who actually got in, couldn't get in for another three weeks or so. The only way Lance would have a chance of getting into the morgue would be to get the passcode somehow, but then again, the

only people with that information were those in the security room, and Lance had never exchanged a word with them.

There was no way that he was going to be avoiding it though. He was going to have to get close to them somehow.

"Anyway, we're trying to schedule his surgery, but it's not a priority, so it might be in the next month or so," Valerie continued. "But if things go well, there's a chance that he might not need to go into surgery."

"That's fantastic," Lance said. "I knew that picking you was a good choice. You're already doing amazing work. I have to say that I'm proud of you."

Blood rushed to Valerie's cheeks, but she tried her best to hide her blushing face. "Um . . . thank you. That's very high praise, coming from you. I've wanted to tell you for a while that the surgery you performed was absolutely amazing."

"Thank you," Lance said, with a charming smile.

"Well, I have a few more things to do before I'm done for the day," Valerie announced. She stood to her feet, but took a bit of time to straighten the clothes she was wearing. "Thank you for your time." She then left the office.

Lance kept himself busy for almost an hour, before he decided that it was time to leave. Lance looked at his watch. It was almost time for him to head home. He looked around the office for a bit, to check if there was anything he had to take home with him. He didn't see much in that regard, so he put his office in order, by arranging his desk instead. He didn't have much in his office yet, it still had a plain feel that he hoped he would find the strength to change soon. But for now, all he did was sort out the little he could. After he

was done, he stood to his feet and took off his ward coat. He hung it on a rack on one end of the room.

As Lance walked towards the door, it was pushed open, almost slamming into him. Luckily, he was able to jump back in time, to avoid what would've been a nasty impact.

"Thank God, you're still here." It was Heather who had opened the door. She looked genuinely relieved to see him. "There's an emergency—a home accident. They've requested for an ambulance."

"Alright," Lance said. I'll wait for the paramedics to bring him in."

"No, we've been told that it's a severe head wound; you need to come with me." She bolted out of the office in haste, and Lance hurried after her to catch up.

"So, you need me to go with the paramedics?" Lance surmised. They navigated the halls and corridors of the hospital so that they could get to the garage area, where the ambulance would be waiting.

"Yes, we would have taken one of your subordinates with us instead, but it's after hours, and they've already left the hospital. I'm just happy that I was able to find you, at least. You'll need to go with the paramedics because when we got the call, the injury seemed intensive. They aren't sure that he'll make it to the hospital."

"I understand," Lance said, with a nod. Both of them increased their pace, until they were at the door, then out of the hospital. Lance saw the large red and white ambulance, waiting just outside the building. A few paramedics were already in the back. They beckoned to the surgeon to join them.

Lance wasted no time. He jumped into the back of the ambulance, which moved, almost immediately.

"Good evening, Doctor," one of the two paramedics said. As the ambulance started to move, he offered a handshake to Lance; one that he took. "I'm Bill, this is Ed," Bill said, pointing to the other paramedic. Ed waved, and Lance nodded in response.

"My name is Lance."

"It's nice to meet you," Ed said. Lance felt all his tenseness ease up. Their friendly demeanor made him feel better. It even made the present situation seem less extreme than it was. But the fact that he was currently on his way to the site of an emergency brought back the urgency that they had to deal with.

"So, what is the situation?" Lance asked. He had already gotten the briefing from Heather, but he decided to ask one more time, just in case there were any details that he had missed.

"Got the call just a few minutes ago," Bill explained "The person was involved in a hit and run. The degree of the injury made us feel like we might not be the best equipped for it. So that's why we opted to bring you along. You can at least attend to him at the scene, or keep him stable enough to take him back to the hospital where you can tend to him properly."

Lance nodded in understanding. He mentally prepared himself, but the time for doing that was really short. In less than five minutes, they had gotten to the scene of the accident. There was already a crowd, but the police at the scene were able to clear a path for the ambulance.

The man, who had been hit, was sitting in a pool of blood, with two officers around him. Lance knew that they had no idea what they were doing, but at least they had wrapped a piece of clothing around his head. The wound must have been deep because the piece of cloth was completely soaked in blood.

Lance ran up, with the rest of the paramedics, to where the man sat. He could hear sounds of the police, trying to ask the man some questions.

"Give him some room," Lance ordered. There was a certain authority in his voice that made the police give way, in an instant. Lance took hold of the sitting man's face in his hands. The man looked to be on the verge of unconsciousness. Lance could see that the accident had been bad. The man had been driving a delivery moped when he had been hit. The moped was in a heap and completely unrecognizable. Lance was, at least, happy with the fact that the man was still alive.

"We'll be able take him to the hospital," Lance announced to the paramedics. "Put him on a stretcher and keep him conscious."

Soon, his instructions were carried out, and the injured man was placed on the stretcher and carted to the ambulance.

"Should we undress the injury to have a look?" Ed asked, when they got into the ambulance.

"No, he's still stable. I assume that there's a large cut on the right side. You can see that because of the stains. He doesn't look like he's going into shock, but the moment we take off that piece of cloth, we're going to have to treat the wound. It's going to be worse if there's any shrapnel in it.

We'll have to take him to the operating room, and if it calls for it, we'll have to perform an emergency surgery."

The hospital wasn't far away, and in no time at all, the ambulance had pulled up to it. Lance found himself impressed by the efficiency of the paramedics. The nice, friendly guys he had met, only a few minutes ago, had shown just how good they were at their jobs. They rushed the stretcher into the hospital, and Lance followed behind him. Soon he had been transported to the operating room, and it was time for Lance to get to work.

He unwrapped the piece of cloth around the man's head. The man grunted in pain, as this happened, even though he seemed like he was slipping in and out of consciousness.

Just as Lance had suspected, there was a nasty gash to the side of his head. Thankfully there wasn't any trauma; it didn't look like he had been hit in the head, just cut, which probably came from the crumbled moped.

Lance was able to remove the pieces of shrapnel that were lodged in the man's skull, and then he cleaned the wound, as quickly as he could, before an infection set in. After that, he stitched up the wound. Then he handed the case over to the only other doctor available, to finish up. He tossed his gloves and scrubs aside.

As he walked out of the operating room, Lance was surprised to see that Bill and Ed were outside, even though it was late, and their job had already been done.

"You guys are still here," Lance said, more as a statement than as a question.

"Yeah, we're just waiting for his next of kin to get here," Ed replied.



“We were able to get in contact with them, after getting ahold of some of the belongings the police brought. We decided to wait, instead of the police, so that they wouldn't be harassed if they came to see their family member.”

Lance didn't even have the energy to be surprised anymore. He just found himself repulsed.

“Is that really how the police are? Why would they harass people?”

Ed let out a big sigh. He was a large man, with soft eyes. Somehow the sigh, and the way he looked tired, made him look even bigger than he was. Bill was just as large, but he looked like he had a lot more energy than Ed had left. Still, Lance knew that they probably would look sizable, anywhere else.

“The police we have in this district are probably the major problem we have remaining,” Ed continued.

“Yeah, the police and the Brawl Night Games are the real trouble around here.”

Lance had always been curious about the games, but unlike most things in the district, this was one of the few things that most people didn't seem too interested in talking about. He decided to try his luck though and see if they would be willing to talk.

“What is that?” Lance asked, feigning ignorance. “What are the Brawl Night Games?”

“You haven't heard about them before?” Lance shook his head. “It is a horrific tournament that goes on somewhere in the Gutter Grounds. The rumors from it are so terrible. They say it's a fight to the death, and we don't even know what the winner gets, or why people would even participate

in such a barbaric sport. They can use any weapons they like: it is pure madness.”

“It really is,” Ed said. “It's so bad. I couldn't picture myself being violent—for any reason.”

Lance found that a little hard to believe, just because of how intimidating the men looked, but he still found himself accepting that fact.

“How come we don't see more bodies from the fights though? Or do you guys find yourselves going there a lot to pick up injured fighters?”

“No, not at all,” Bill answered. “I've been a paramedic for more than eighteen years, and I've never been sent to that part of this district for an emergency. It's like they have a way of healing themselves or something.”

The things that Lance heard were absolutely fascinating. He found himself wanting to hear so much more, and Bill and Ed obliged to tell him as much as they knew. It wasn't much, but one thing was clear. He wasn't supposed to go to the Gutter Grounds.

The doctor that had taken over from Lance came out a few minutes later, to announce that the patient was now in stable condition, much to the delight and relief of everyone present.

He had just made this announcement, when the people who announced themselves as the family members of the patient arrived. Lance greeted them briefly, before directing them to the other doctor so that he could leave.

Lance left the hospital, with a lot on his mind. As he walked out of the building, he wasn't paying attention, not seeing the man that had been waiting all evening for him.

Lance took one look, and his breath hitched. This man was absolutely beautiful. He stared at him with fierce stormy eyes that looked like there was too much tragedy going on in them. By his left eye, was a faded scar that Lance didn't want to imagine how he had acquired—surely an incredibly painful injury when it happened. His hair was white, but it looked almost silver in the light that came from the evening sky, as night fell. It did have some darker sections though. Some areas of his hair were so black, he knew he would never be able to see them at night.

His face was soft, but at the same time, it looked like it had a lot of history behind it. He was clean shaven and his lips shone properly, as he smiled. He had a strong nose that fit in perfectly with his face. He looked gorgeous, but at the same time, he looked dangerous. Lance found himself staring until he opened his mouth to speak.

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## Chapter 3

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“Are you Lance? Lance Heathrow?”

Harry spoke normally: he had gotten a bit of a hold on his thick accent over the years, but he hadn't gotten rid of it completely. His British accent still showed, but only enough for it to be known, and not enough for people to be surprised by it.

Harry didn't know why he was so interested, but he was. It was this interest that had made him come to the hospital that evening, and he didn't regret it. He had seen the handsome doctor, as he rushed into the waiting ambulance, with a serious expression on his face. Only a few minutes later, they had come in, with what looked to be the victim of some kind of attack or accident. Harry had decided to wait until the doctor was done before he met with him, and now was that time.

Harry had waited until Lance walked out before approaching him. Lance really was handsome; he had a sort of boyish gait. It was difficult to believe that he was set to be placed as head of neurology department. Harry himself had to come to terms that this youthful man was the one in such a powerful position. It didn't make him look like he

should be disrespected though; it was even sort of endearing.

He had nice dark brown hair, which was light in certain places though. It complimented his blue eyes perfectly—those blue eyes that had been staring at Harry, for quite some time.

“Um—yeah, my name is Lance,” the man announced. “Sorry, we haven't met before. I'm very sure I would remember.”

Harry let out a small laugh. “My name is Harry, Harry Carter. I believe my associate came over to set up a meeting between us earlier.”

Harry watched as Lance's eyes widened with a mixture of shock and awe. He tended to have that effect.

“Oh my God! I'm so sorry.”

“Why are you offering an apology?” Harry asked, with a chuckle. “Have you taken an action against me that I do not know about yet?”

Lance's face went completely red, almost mirroring the color of the sky, as the last sights of the sun began to disappear into the horizon. Harry couldn't help but laugh. He found the man extremely charming—cute even.

“I don't know,” Lance answered honestly. “I somehow feel like I should know who you are, and it's rude that I don't. I should have at least looked for pictures or something after knowing that we are going to meet. I mean, you knew who I was.”

“Do not worry yourself too much about it,” Harry said calmly. He smiled to put Lance at ease, but it only served to make Lance blush even more.

"Why did you want to meet with me?" Lance blurted, before he could stop himself. Harry raised a questioning eyebrow. "I don't mean it like that. I'm just . . . well, I guess I'm just curious. You're a billionaire, and I'm just a doctor at the hospital—plus I'm new too—I couldn't draw a consensus."

"I think I understand," Harry chuckled, once more. This time Lance mirrored him. He was calmer now, more comfortable even. "Well, I had never actually announced an actual time. How about I come over tomorrow and take you to dinner, then we can discuss it there. Concerning the reason for me wanting to meet with you, I guess that is something that can be discussed when we meet proper, don't you think?"

"Yeah," Lance said after a while. "I guess so. How will you know when I'm done work though?" he asked.

"I will," Harry replied. "I think I've held you here for too long. I'll let you enjoy the rest of your evening, and I will see you tomorrow, yes?"

"Yes, of course."

Lance smiled and walked in the direction of his car. Harry chalked everything up to a good first interaction. Lance seemed nice, and Harry knew that he would enjoy his company, but he would have to wait until the following day though. For now, he had something else he needed to take care of.

Harry got into his Cadillac and drove out of the hospital premises and onto the public road. He followed it gingerly for a long while until the turns came, and he began to navigate them. He knew that if Reginald knew about his destination that evening, he would surely object to it, but it was something that Harry knew he had to take care of. The

only reason he didn't inform Reginald, though, was because Reginald had started to worry again.

When they had met, Reginald had just been doing his job, and both of them didn't even see themselves as friends. Reginald had been married once, but after an accident that killed his wife, he decided to stay alone and focus only on work. This was a decision that Harry had tried consistently to change, but had continued to fail at.

As the years went by, the men had formed a bond. They had grown from having an employer and employee relationship to having one that was more along the lines of friendship. That had also grown, and now, they had gotten so close to the point that they considered themselves as brothers. They looked out for each other, in every way they could.

Reginald was one of the first to believe in Harry's vision for growth for his family. He had followed him and stayed devoted to him, but now, he was starting to worry a little too much. It had gotten to the point where Harry felt that Reginald would try and stop him from doing certain things, like what he wanted to do that night. He didn't tell him because Reginald was one of the few people that could talk sense into him.

Harry arrived at his destination, soon enough. He got out of the car and the first thing he noticed was the large sign outside the building. He looked at the words that were written in large, bold gray letters: *LYCA DISTRICT POLICE DEPARTMENT*.

He took a breath and walked into the building. He could smell it as he proceeded. As he entered the building, the smell became stronger. He had picked up the scent when he had fought at the Apex, but now he was completely sure. It made perfect sense now. As he walked into the building, there were several attempts to stop him, but once most of

the police officers realized who he was, they kept their distance immediately. He strode, making a straight path for the office of the chief of police.

As he got to the door, he kicked the door open. On entering the office, Harry closed the door behind him, and then he locked it.

"Mr. Carter!" the man yelled in alarm. "What the hell are you doing here?"

The response he got was a straight punch that landed square on his face, making him careen backwards until he fell back into his chair.

"Fuck!" he yelled. He held on to his nose tightly as the warm red blooded started to slip between his fingers.

Harry clenched his fist and shook off the pain. "You were there, weren't you?"

"Where? Ah, my nose is fucking broken."

"I'm going to break a lot more if you don't answer me."

"What do you want?" he asked again.

"You were there, weren't you"? On the night of the Apex, you were there. I figured your scent was familiar, now it all makes sense. You're one of the Mafia werewolves."

"Yeah, and so?" the chief of police asked defiantly. "We've already given you everything you want. You pushed most of us into hiding, and now, we can't even carry out business as usual. What else do you want?"

"I'm going to make just one demand from you tonight—just one—but if it's not met, your subordinates are going to pick up your pieces from all over this room." The man's eyes widened.



"I see fear in your eyes," Harry continued. "That's good. Fear is good, fear is the only thing that will keep you alive right now. If you think I wouldn't dare, just try me."

The chief of police looked on helplessly as he feared for his life. Harry had him trapped.

"What is your request?" he asked, after a while.

"Demand," Harry corrected. "You are going to hand over the ownership of the hospital morgue to me. From now on, it will be under my supervision. Is that understood?"

"I can't just do that right now. It's a long process with the paperwork involved; it's going to take a bit of time."

"You have two days. I want the announcement to be made on the evening news in two days' time. Is that understood?"

The chief of police nodded slowly. Harry let out a devilish smile. "It was a pleasure doing business with you." Then he walked out of the office, leaving the man to deal with his bloody nose, on his own.

Harry sauntered back out of the building, and there was nothing anyone could do to stop him—they didn't even attempt to. He was sure that the officers around had not heard the conversation. Almost all of them were human, after all, but they were also corrupt; they followed the unscrupulous chief of police, who promised them the world, and let them get away with their depravity. Harry planned to destroy them from the inside, and now that he knew that the chief of police was one of the werewolves, his job would be a whole lot easier to do.

When Harry got into his car, his grin had still not left his face. He drove into the night with high spirits, as he moved in the direction of his giant penthouse. The penthouse was located in the central part of the district. It was huge and

looked like a sort of monument that had been built to oversee the entirety of the city.

Harry drove his Cadillac into his garage area, where the rest of his cars were parked. His cars were a personal achievement for him—it was a collection that he loved so much—but it was not one that he often sought to show off, especially to the public. It was private: like most of the other things in his life.

Reginald lived on the floor just below Harry, so Harry wasn't surprised, in taking the elevator to his home, to see that Reginald was waiting for him.

“You did something tonight, didn't you?” Reginald asked, immediately, as the elevator doors opened, and Harry stepped out.

Harry, who had tried to adjust his clothes and his hair before he came up, knew that it was a futile effort. Reginald was always going to sense these things. He sighed and walked past his friend.

“What did you do?” Reginald asked again.

“I went to do something dangerous, and that was the reason why I didn't inform you. However, as you can see, I'm completely fine, so there's no need for you to worry yourself about anything.”

“If you're going to do something dangerous, then that's the time to actually inform me. What if something had happened to you?”

“Well, nothing happened,” Harry shrugged. “Besides, it was a very successful exercise. I know you must be very angry that I didn't inform you of my movements, but I think this mission's success is one that we should try to relax and celebrate, instead of getting worked up over it.”

"And what, pray tell, is this successful mission that you have accomplished, on this fruitful evening?"

"I have been able to get ownership of the morgue."

"What? How did you manage such a feat?"

"It doesn't matter," Harry said. "All you have to know, at this point, is that I've finally gotten ownership. Now all I have to do, is proceed with the plans to make a completely new building for it, and the people in this city won't be terrorized by the police any longer. They can see their loved ones, once more."

Harry knew that Reginald wanted to pry for more information, but he had just decided to accept the victory for what it was, and so he didn't push any further.

"This is truly amazing news," Reginald said, finally smiling. "I still don't know how you accomplished this, but you're right, this is something to celebrate. How did your meeting go?"

It took a full minute for Harry to realize that Reginald was referring to the original meeting he had; his meeting with Doctor Heathrow.

"Oh, it actually went well. He's really charming, and he seems nice too."

"Oh?" Reginald said, with a sly smile. "Would I be right to assume that you have maybe taken a liking to this individual?"

"What? No," Harry laughed. The mood had lightened, and the air was less tense. "He just seems like a nice guy. I'll meet him for dinner tomorrow, so we can talk."

"It wouldn't be a bad thing, if you let yourself fall for someone. I don't know this Lance, but I know you, and I

know how much you shy away from anything that would be good yourself. You should stop that and try to do something you'll enjoy, for once. Don't think about the family so much, instead, think about you, right now."

"You really think that this guy is the love of my life, don't you?"

"Maybe not the love of your life," Reginald shrugged. "Who knows? You might never find love at all, but all I'm saying is, if that happens, it shouldn't be for a lack of trying." Harry let out a sigh, making Reginald roll his eyes in return.

"Alright fine," Harry conceded. "I will at least try to keep an open mind during this meeting."

"Date," Reginald countered. "It is now a date."

"It is not a date," Harry said. "It is just a casual meeting so that we can discuss how best to make his new department a success."

"Sounds like a date," Reginald joked.

"It is the exact opposite of a date," Harry argued. "You know what, you're just trying to get to me. It's not going to work; I'm not going to let you play your mind games on me."

"If you say so," Reginald said. He lifted his hands in resignation. Then he noticed something that he just had to point out. "Your scar, the one above your eye, it's going to be completely healed by tomorrow."

Harry watched the man cautiously for a moment, before he opened his mouth to speak. "Yeah, it should be completely gone by then. Why do you say it like it's a bad thing?"

"You saw the doctor today, and you are going to see him again tomorrow. Don't you think that he's going to notice

that your scar is gone?"

Harry thought for a moment, then his hand moved across his left eye. He could barely feel the scar anymore, but there was still some semblance of it

"It was dark, maybe he didn't see it," Harry said.

It would just have been safer to maybe move the meeting to another day, or just cancel it altogether and send Reginald instead, but for some reason, Harry found himself wanting to go. He didn't know whether it was because of his pride, or the fact that he might actually want to see Lance again, but he didn't want to cancel the meeting.

"Alright then. Would you like to have anything for dinner? I assume you haven't gotten anything for yourself to eat yet."

"No, I haven't, but I'm not hungry though. I just want to read a bit before I get some sleep."

"If that is what you wish, then that will be all. Good night."

"Good night, Reginald," Harry said, as his friend walked away. Harry paced around his apartment for a bit, then he moved to one of the large glass windows, where he could see the district. The view was absolutely breathtaking. Harry looked down with a smile. He loved how the city looked at night. It looked alive. It looked like the people were abuzz at this time, actually living—and not just existing.

A small smile tugged at the corner of his lips, and he let it form completely. Later on, he went into his study. It was a beautiful and cozy room, with books lineing the shelves, on three out of four of the walls in the room. It had a certain feel to it—it felt warm and inviting, to any reader. It was also very well lit, with an ambience that wasn't blindingly

bright, but at least illuminated enough for reading to be comfortable.

The chair that was placed centrally in the room was comfy and inviting. He answered the call and went to the chair to sit down. There, he picked up the last book he had written. It was a retelling of old Greek stories. Those stories always spoke to him the most. His favorite story was one that his mother had told him when he was younger. It was the story of Lycaon of Arcadia; the man who had defiled Zeus, and as a result of that, he had been turned into the first werewolf, with his offspring cursed to live on the Earth as such, for the rest of time.

Harry didn't know whether he believed his story or not because if it was true, then it would also bring the other myths to light. Then again, he was living proof of the supernatural.

However, he wasn't focused on the myth itself, but what the story meant. Lycaon had brought a curse upon himself, but what Harry experienced, when he was a werewolf, the feeling he got, he never once believed that it was anything but a blessing. His mother had told him the same thing too. She had told him that he wasn't cursed, but he was of the few who had access to a blessing that the world would want, if they knew about it.

It was an absolutely blissful feeling to turn. It was something that felt new, every time. Also, as the pain from transformation lessened, the more wonderful it was. It was almost addictive.

Harry continued to go through the myths in his book and a recurring theme he saw was helplessness. It might not be the word that most people used, when they chose to describe Greek mythology, but all he saw was just that—helplessness. Even the heroes, who had been born with

gifts, were born into the worst of circumstances. Those who were born into unfortunate existences struggled only to get ends that weren't even worth anything.

Harry wanted more. What he wanted was to build his own vision so that he would never feel helpless again. The last time he had felt that way was the morning after his mother's death. He would have given anything to bring her back to life, but there was nothing he could do for her. She was gone, and he was never going to see her again. All he could do was make their dream come true and see it to the end.

There was a particular thing that he continued to do as he read. It was sort of a tradition. Any time that he read through one of the heroes myths, he would live vicariously through their lives. But he liked to believe that he had learned enough from what he read, to know how to shape his life enough.

"I am not going to fail," he told himself, as sleep began to take over him. The book dropped from his hands and down to the floor. He was too tired to make his way to the room, so he settled into the chair.

"I'm not going to fail."

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## Chapter 4

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Carl woke up with a start. This sudden rise was as a result of an animal that had just run past him. It could have been a rat, or a squirrel, but by the time that Carl's eyes had adjusted to the light, it had run away. He looked around, and sat up on the grass that he had been lying on. That was when Carl remembered that he had slept outside. It was not a new experience for the fighter though. He had not been able to find a good place to sleep, and to make things worse, it had been a full moon only a few days ago.

That day Carl had run into the woods, just in time, and he had transformed. He was getting progressively more accustomed to his werewolf form, and he loved it. When he had transformed, though, he knew that he couldn't just show himself anywhere, so he stayed in the woods, hiding from what he didn't quite know about.

His thoughts had turned out to be true, though, because a few hours later, he heard heavy sounds running into the woods, close to where he was. He watched silently in the night, as two werewolves came along: one with silver fur and some black areas, the other with completely pitch-black fur. The one that had silver fur was heavily injured, but the black one was completely unmarred.



He didn't engage them, instead, he continued to watch from a distance. Immediately when they entered the woods, the silver werewolf crumbled to the ground, in a heap. The black one looked like he had been expecting this to happen, at any moment. So when it did, he moved around the body like he was standing guard. He looked in Carl's direction, but didn't approach. Carl knew instantly that he had been spotted, even though he was behind the cover of large trees and thick bushes.

Carl knew that the werewolf wouldn't come close, at least not while he was standing guard. Carl later decided to move deeper into the woods, where he would have some peace. When he sensed that there was no one around him, he finally went to sleep.

The days that followed that were more or less the same. He had looked for places to get some food from and he continued to walk around looking for his brother, but all his efforts had been for naught. The money he had was running out too, there was only one more thing left for him to do at that point. He needed to find a job.

There were no jobs available, though he did try to find one. The entirety of the Gutter Grounds yielded nothing. It felt like an empty, desolate wasteland. The people were mean and aggressive; they barely spoke a word or lent an ear.

As Carl woke up that morning, all he felt was strengthened resolve. He was going to find his brother, one way or another. He picked Phil's wallet, which was now his own, from his pocket. There wasn't much left, and he knew that things needed to change immediately.

Carl knew that it would be a lot easier to just give up on his brother, it always seemed that way, and it was always true. He could just move to the main bubbling part of the district

and get this life straight. He had many talents under his belt; the biggest of all of them was his fighting ability.

As he thought about this, he realized that there was one thing he could do, at least. There was one place where his fighting ability would, at least, come in handy.

Carl waited until nightfall, and then he walked back to the weird makeshift arena that had been made for the Brawl Night Games. It seemed to be the only thing that the people in this district actually talked about and looked forward to, at least those that could go and watch it. There was a rumor: the games were so brutal that even the audience wasn't safe.

From what he had seen, this was not an exaggeration. He had watched the brutal fight, and even though werewolves healed quickly, there were some wounds that couldn't be healed. Most of the normal people, who lived around the area, stayed far away from the games completely.

The only reason that he had been able to even see the fight in the first place, was the fact that no one would be crazy enough to go and see a fight, if they weren't a werewolf. He didn't know that at the time, but he was lucky enough for it not to matter too much.

Now he was going to the games with a purpose. He was going to participate, and he was going to use that as his job. He got to the arena, but no one was there yet. Carl waited for a long time that night, so long that it was almost pitch black, but nothing changed. He was about to leave, when he heard a voice.

“What are you doing here?”

Carl turned to see a large man standing behind him. He had barely heard the man approach. The man was menacing,

and he could only make out the figure of the man in the dark, but not any of his features.

“Oh, good evening, I was wondering—”

It happened incredibly fast. The man swung his hand straight at Carl's face, but thanks to his reflexes, he was able to block the punch quickly, before it made contact with his face. He pushed the heavy fist away from his face and prepared for the next attempt. But none came.

“Are you a fighter here?” he asked. His voice was gruff and heavy. It carried such a weight that even in the dark, Carl had started to make up a face that would match it.

“No, but I want to be. I need a job, and I hear there's money from winning fights here.”

“Oh?” Carl could hear the laughter in the man's voice. “You think you can win?”

“I know I can. I know that those that fight here are werewolves.” The revelation didn't seem to startle the man at all.

“The fact that you know that, and you're still here, means that you're one too. Am I correct to assume that?”

“Yeah I am.”

“Hmm.”

The silence was heavy. Even though it was almost pitch black, and Carl could barely see a thing, he still felt like this man was watching him, studying him, for some reason he didn't understand. It made him feel very uncomfortable.

“Listen,” Carl said, after the silence continued to draw out for much too long. “I really don't care what you think or what you want, but what I know is that I need this. I came

to this district to find my brother. I cannot continue to look for him, when I have nothing to go on and nothing to survive on. Let me fight; the way you let my brother fight."

Carl knew it was a complete shot in the dark. He had no idea if his brother had actually ever fought in the Brawl Night Games. It was possible, but he had no way of being sure of it. So he decided to play this card and see if this man knew something. He was clearly someone important, so it was worth a try.

"Who is this brother of yours?" the coarse voice said. "And why do you assume that we know who he is?"

"His name is Joel. He's a werewolf, just like you and I, although I didn't know that until he left."

"Oh, so your brother abandoned you, and you're still looking for him? It sounds to me like he wants nothing to do with you."

"You're wrong!" Carl yelled, as his anger rose to his throat. "He didn't abandon me, and I'm going to find him. Are you giving me the job or not?"

The man let out a guffaw. "I like you—you have spirit. There's no fight today, but I'll put you up against someone next week. Come by then, and we'll see. Remember, here we fight till we cannot fight anymore. Are you ready for that?"

"I am," Carl answered defiantly. "I shall see you next week."

"Good."

The man turned to leave, but a question that had been on Carl's mind came to the surface. "What is your name?" he blurted out, not being able to hold in his curiosity any longer.

The man's movements halted, but he didn't turn around.

“My name is A.” Without another word, the man stalked away, leaving Carl alone once more, in the dark, with no place to sleep.

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## Chapter 5

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Harry parked just beside the large hospital complex. He watched, with a slight smirk, as people who walked out of the building looked at his Aston Martin Vantage in awe. He liked the feeling it gave. He wasn't a proud person, but when the attention came, he didn't mind, at least, some of it.

So it was with this same smile on his face that he saw Lance walk out of the building. Lance looked around, in confusion, as he searched for a sign of Harry. Harry used the opportunity to take a good look at the man. Sure, he had seen the boyish charm that he had, but now that he was looking at the man he was going on a date with—yes, he had finally agreed that it was a date—he started to see a lot more.

First, Lance's skin was tan, but not overly so. It lacked the paleness that Harry's had, which was fine. The other thing was the way Lance stood. He stood in a comfortable way that made him look confident, even without trying. As Harry continued to look at him, Lance turned and looked at the car and stood for a bit. He was clearly surprised as well. Eventually, he walked over to the car and got into it.

“Hey,” Lance said as entered the vehicle.

“Hello,” Harry greeted back. “Shall we?” Lance nodded in response, so Harry started the car and put it in motion.

They had made the arrangement that Harry would come and pick him up from the hospital that evening, from there they would go to one of the restaurants in town. It was one that Harry had chosen, especially considering the fact that Lance was still new to the district.

Lance had left his car in the hospital parking lot, and since the dinner would probably go on for a while—assuming Harry would drop him at home—he knew that he would not be picking it up until the next day. Luckily, he had been assured that it would be safe there.

They drove in relative silence to the restaurant. It was a luxurious and expensive-looking place. They walked in through the automatic glass doors, but Harry led Lance straight to the elevator, instead of taking one of the tables that were arranged on the first floor.

Once in it, Harry pushed the only button that didn't have a marking on it, and he watched peripherally, as Lance gave a confused look.

“You'll see,” he said, to quell the doctor's worry a bit.

The elevator went up slowly, its usual classic chime playing over hidden speakers, as they went up in the metal box. Soon there was a rather loud *ding* and then the elevator came to a stop.

Harry and Lance walked into a beautifully decorated room. The room had just one elegant table with two chairs that were just as stunning. Three out of the four walls were windows with an breathtaking view of the city below. Harry

had a thing for great scenery, as such, this was one of his favorite places.

"Oh my," Lance said, as they sat down. "This place is glorious."

"Yes, it is," Harry agreed. "I usually spend the evenings that I feel like treating myself here. Today though, I have decided to share that with you. Is that okay?"

"It's perfect," Lance said. "I can't believe I'm here, he said, still looking around in awe. A meal was presented to them on silver trays, and they began to dine.

"You know, I'm still really confused," Lance said, after a while.

"Oh? Confused about what?"

"I don't know if this is a date or just a business meeting. I was under the impression that it was the latter, but this . . . all of this makes me think otherwise."

"Oh, this is a business meeting, but I can't see why it can't be more. If you're okay with it, that is."

"I am," Lance said, with an agreeable smile.

They talked about each other for a bit, getting to know each other better, then later they ventured onto other topics. They talked about the newly formed department that Lance now saw himself in charge of. It wasn't perfect; it needed a lot of new equipment, which was yet to be provided. When Harry offered to cover this completely, Lance saw himself rejecting the sudden offer. It was only when Harry reminded him that was the main reason for their meeting, in the first place.

"You know, I keep forgetting you're a billionaire," Lance said.



"What?" Harry asked, with a laugh.

"No, don't get me wrong. I know you're rich. I'm well aware that you have a lot of money, but a billionaire? That's the height of it. That is so much."

"I know. I guess it must be overwhelming, but in my heart, I'm just a *normal* person."

Lance chuckled. "You say that like you don't believe it."

"Sometimes I don't."

They ate in silence for a while, until Harry noticed that Lance was looking at him strangely.

"Is there something wrong?" he asked.

"No, I'm probably just imagining it," Lance said, with a shake of the head.

"No, you can talk to me. What is it?"

"It's just . . . I know this might sound weird but . . . didn't you have a scar near your eye yesterday?"

The question took Harry by surprise, but it was one that he quickly recovered from it. "I assure you, there was none."

"Really? I could've sworn—"

"Hey, I think we're done with dinner."

Lance looked out the window and only started to realize just how dark it had gotten.

"Oh my," he said softly. "We've spent so much time here. I'm sorry for intruding so long into your time."

"Nonsense," Harry replied with a laugh. "I had so much fun, I wouldn't mind doing this again. Maybe then, the business talk won't be involved."

"I would like that very much."

Harry took Lance home. It wasn't a long drive, so they were there in no time, and then he offered to walk Lance up to the door.

"You know you don't have to stop at the door, right?"

"You're inviting me in?"

Harry's answer came in the form of a case that made him lower all his inhibitions. The door pushed open behind them, both men tangled their bodies as they made their way into the house, with Lance's leg being just long enough to shut the door behind them.

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## Chapter 6

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Lance woke up that morning with a goofy smile on his face. He had not just one of his best nights in a while, but in the entirety of his life. He didn't know what it was about the man he had brought home, but the sex had been raw and animalistic. He had loved every hour, every minute and every second of it. He turned on his large bed, and he stretched his hand across it, but that was all he got a hold of—his bed.

His eyes widened when he realized that he was in the bed alone. He was even more confused when he discovered that he was completely alone in the house. Harry had disappeared.

Lance moved around until he walked out the door, just to confirm. Just like he had suspected, the billionaire and his awesome car were gone.

“He probably has work, that was why he rushed off,” Lance said to himself. I'll just call him later on.” With those words, Lance remembered that he was also supposed to be at work too, so he got himself ready and headed over to the hospital.

He continued to work like he normally did, for the next few days, and for the majority, his days were as they had always been. The only difference now was that he wasn't able to reach Harry anymore. He tried calls and texts, but all of them were ignored. Lance couldn't understand it. They had an amazing dinner, and they had spent an even more magnificent night together. He couldn't understand how things had gone so wrong. Still, there was nothing he could do—it's not like he could storm the billionaire's house to demand an explanation. He felt like he wasn't owed one, so he decided to move on instead.

For the most part, he was able to do this. In fact, there wasn't much mention of Harry anywhere for a long while, until one day, when the unexpected happened.

“Is there anything else?” Lance asked Dave.

Dave had just come in for a briefing and some advice with regards to his recent patient, but after he had gotten what he had come for, he still hadn't left.

“I feel like you haven't heard yet,” Dave said, sitting back down. Which is weird because this is something that absolutely everyone knows right now.”

“What is it that I haven't heard yet?”

“It's about the morgue.”

That sentence was enough to draw all of Lance's attention. He shifted in his seat and leaned forward. “What about the morgue?”

“It's now under new management,” Dave said, with a pleased expression for some reason.

“Who owns it now? The hospital?”

"Yes and no," Dave said. When a confused look formed on Lance's face, Dave decided to explain further. "Well, somehow, even though we all thought it was impossible, Harry Carter was able to acquire it from the police. I can only imagine what he had to go through for that to happen."

The mention of Harry Carter was like a straight punch to the gut, but Lance chose to ignore it.

"Then he's going to put it under the hospital's name, but he's turning one of his new buildings into the new morgue. Not too far from here though."

"Wow," Lance said, clearly marveled. "So those stupid rules are finally going to change? This is amazing."

"Yeah, it is. The only thing that seems a bit odd is the fact that the police had been adamant that they be the ones to move the bodies. I think Harry conceded to that, because they will be coming tomorrow to transport the bodies."

"That's so soon," Lance said.

"Yeah, it is," Dave said happily. "Anyway, I have to go now." As he said those words, Dave strolled out the door, leaving Lance to think in his office.

There wasn't any more time, and Lance knew it. He figured that if the police were the ones moving the bodies from the morgue, then there was a good chance that most of the bodies that they had a reason to hide would disappear without a trace. Lance couldn't hold in his curiosity anymore. He just had to do something. He had to see what was in that morgue.

The passcode to the keypad that locked the morgue was kept in the security room, where it was changed every

week. Because of this, the morgue wasn't always guarded, which meant that all he needed to get in was the code.

Lance didn't go home that night. He stayed in his office, but he locked every window and shut off every light to make it look like no one was in. It worked because the security officer that usually did a final patrol sweep, didn't even bother to open his office.

After that, Lance waited for about thirty more minutes before coming out of the office. By the time he came out, it was almost 3:00 a.m. Any doctors and nurses that were still in the hospital were probably asleep in one room or the other, as there was no immediate emergency. He walked to the first floor and took the narrow corridor that led to only one room: the security room.

Luckily the door was open, but the bad news was that the security officer was inside the room, sleeping, with his head resting calmly on his desk. Lance spotted a piece of paper that was taped to the desk, but it was right under the sleeping security officer. As Lance contemplated what to do next, he moved in, but kicked a small soda can that was close to the door. The result was a loud rattle that chilled Lance to the bone.

He thought he had been caught, so he stayed still for a while, but luckily, the officer didn't wake up. He snored a bit and shifted to the side, just enough for Lance to get a peek at the five-digit code on the desk. Immediately, when he saw the number, he burst out of the room and hurried back up the stairs until he was on the same floor as the morgue.

He sprinted to the unguarded door and punched in the code that he had kept on repeating to himself, as he had run up the stairs. It worked on his first try, and he walked into the morgue.

Lance didn't know what to expect, but it was a little underwhelming. It looked just like every single morgue that he had been to. All the bodies were arranged in freezer compartments, and after he looked at a few and saw nothing out of the ordinary, he felt like all his efforts were for naught. This changed when he noticed a door at the far end of the room. He walked up to it and tried it, but unfortunately, it was locked—and it wasn't locked with a passcode. The door needed a key. Lance tried one more time, wiggling the handle, but it produced the same result.

The young doctor was just about to completely give up, when he saw a bunch of keys, hanging on a nail on the wall. He was filled with another rush of adrenaline when he spotted the keys. He picked them up and tried them. After what seemed like an eternity, he finally found the one that unlocked the door.

“Yes,” he said, a little too loudly. His voice echoed through the entire room, but the echo disappeared immediately, when he opened the door.

First, this new room was colder—so cold that he felt it immediately. In this room, there were still coolers, but this room also had tables, unlike the last one. It looked like an autopsy room, but he knew it wasn't. On the table were a few dead bodies, but two in particular caught his eye. They were completely covered, almost wrapped. He knew who they were instantly. One was the body of Doctor Sanders. The other one, though, was the second body that he had seen the police bring in.

Lance wasted no time. He pulled back the sheet on the doctor's body, and what he saw made him reel. There was a large slash across her neck. Her torso had been cut open. The incisions looked like they had been done by some kind of animal's claws. Her head was very nearly split in two.

Lance was no stranger to dead bodies, but this one was one that took him aback.

*"Why would the police hide this?" Lance asked himself. "This wasn't a murder: it was an animal attack. The public needs to know if there is an animal on the loose that they should be afraid of."*

He looked over at the other body, and suddenly, a sense of dread that he didn't really know how to place came over him somehow. He shook it off and took back the cover on the body and instantly wished that he hadn't done that.

He saw a very large head that was far from human. First, it had fur; it looked like a cross between a large dog and a wild cat. He became terrified immediately. This thing also had a large gash across the throat. Although this looked more like a bite—like a portion of the neck had been ripped out completely.

"Oh, my God."

He pulled back the entire cover, and soon, he started to mainly notice features. There was a broad, albeit incredibly hairy, injured chest area. The hands also looked human except for the fur and the large claws on each of the hands. They looked razor sharp, and they also looked like they were made of some kind of metal.

He studied the legs for a bit. They looked strong and heavy, and as he looked at them, Lance knew that this creature was probably able to walk like a normal man. There was only one explanation for what he was seeing. It was both logical and completely crazy: he was looking at a werewolf.

Lance felt his blood run cold, and it wasn't because of the room. He didn't think that he had been scared in his life



before because as he tried to cover the body back, he found that he was stuck, frozen in place.

He shook his head to clear his thoughts, and immediately, as he did that, he covered the body just like he had found it, and then covered the body of the doctor. It was clear that it was a werewolf that had killed her, but there was a body of a werewolf beside her. It brought up so many questions for him.

Was the dead werewolf the one who had killed her? If it wasn't, did that mean there were more like him? If he had been the one that killed her, was that the end of it all now that he was dead, or were there more to take his place?

As Lance left the morgue, after cleaning up his tracks, he knew that it would be hard for him to forget what he had just seen. There was also absolutely no one he could tell because there was a chance that they were werewolves too, and that would not bode well for him.

Lance ran back to his office and got all his things ready, and he headed out of the hospital immediately. He knew that he was now too scared to come back to the hospital until those bodies were removed. Luckily, that was going to be the next day. The thing that Lance didn't know for sure, was whether the police were in on it or not. It seemed like the logical option, and it would make sense why the morgue had always been under heavy protection. The werewolves were being kept secret, and Lance was not going to be the person that would reveal the secret.

"This is so much more than I bargained for."

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## Chapter 7

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This was it. It was the night that Carl had been anticipating for days on end. His first fight.

He was really into it, for two reasons. The first was the fact that he would get to fight for money. This was good because he would be able to let out some of his anger, and he would also be getting paid for it. The second was the fact that he was even more convinced that someone, who was at the games, knew something about his brother.

He hoped that if he won the fight, he would at least be able to ask for some answers that would help with to move on. So with all that energy, he went to the arena.

Unlike the last time he had been there, this time there were spectators, and it was well lit. He stood with the rest of the crowd, as they pushed and shoved each other, for a chance to move up closer to the actual fight. Luckily, he wasn't too large in size, so he was able to squeeze his way to the front without much effort somehow.

When he got there, he saw that a fight was already on. There was an overly large man in the ring, almost the same size as a sumo wrestler. The person he was up against was not a small man by any means, but he paled in comparison

to his opponent. Before Carl could register what was happening, the large man was on the smaller one, much to the delight of the crowd. The large man smiled, flashing his teeth to the crowd, as he pressed the life out of his opponent. His opponent quickly turned blue, as he passed out. The cheering continued as the large man finally stood to his feet.

Carl looked for signs of movement, but there were none coming from the downed man. Carl didn't know whether the man had just passed out, or if he was actually dead, but either way, the man was dragged out of the ring by a few other people.

"The winner is Kazu!" a man bellowed. Carl assumed that he was the announcer. "Is there anyone around that wants to challenge him?"

The crowd shouted even louder, but no one seemed like they were going to move forward to accept the challenge. Then all of a sudden, every sound stopped. The crowd quieted down immediately, and it felt like the silence could be cut through with a knife.

Carl soon understood the reason for this, as a man stalked close to the ring. It didn't take long for Carl to realize that this man was the same man he had met the week before. The man known as A.

"I have a challenger for you," A said, and the cheering began again. Kazu seemed extremely excited. For a moment, Carl thought that A was the one who was going to fight Kazu, but before he knew what was happening, he was getting shoved from behind. People were also clearing out, forming a path for him. A was pointing at him.

Carl stood, stunned for a minute, but when he regained himself, he walked boldly to the ring. When he got into it, A

finally spoke, confirming who he was.

"You want to be one of us," A said. His voice addressed Carl, but it was loud enough to drown out the shouts from the rowdy crowd. "Prove yourself right now by beating Kazu. If you can defeat him, you join our ranks."

Carl was tempted to ask what would happen if he didn't win, but he felt like he wouldn't want to know the answer either way, so he decided against it.

A and the anchor left the ring, and Carl got ready for his fight. Immediately the bell rang, and Kazu charged at Carl. The large man was easy for Carl to dodge, and that was what he continued to do. Carl dodged each of Kazu's attacks, and as he did that, the large man got even more sluggish. When Carl saw this effect, he did it a few more times until Kazu was weakened and livid with anger.

"Come on big guy," Carl said. "One more time."

The angry Kazu charged once more with all the energy that he had in his reserve, but just like before, Carl was a lot faster. He ducked behind the man and ran to the ropes. There he volleyed off them and jumped, wrapping his legs around Kazu's neck. When he did this, he drove a sharp elbow into the top of Kazu's skull. He followed this quickly with another elbow and a heavy punch. Kazu fell to the floor in a heap, and Carl jumped off, just in time, as to not get hurt.

It was when the cheering started, that Carl understood; they had been watching with disbelief the whole time. The crowd was livid, and they only settled back down, when A appeared again.

He walked into the ring with the semblance of a smile on his face. "You beat the champion," he said. "That's a big win.

Do you accept to join us?"

It was a question, but Carl knew that he didn't really have a choice in the matter. As he did this, A lifted his hands and declared him the winner, before closing the night's games.

Carl followed A, and a few other people, to a back room, where he was given a seat.

"You're new here, so I assume that you don't know anything about us."

"Nothing," Carl confessed. "The only thing I was able to decipher, was the fact that you all were werewolves, and that my brother might be here somewhere."

"Yes, you mentioned your brother when we met."

"Yes, I did," Carl said, a little too eagerly. As he leaned forward in his chair, the other men in the room looked like they were going to restrain him, but A lifted a hand, and they settled down. Even Carl saw himself calming down. "Do you have any information on him?"

"I do. Your brother was here, but he isn't anymore. He left for a different city; we unfortunately don't know where."

Carl's face dropped. "Then I can't stay here."

"I don't think there is anywhere else that you would want to be. No one knows where your brother is, but what I know is that he will definitely come back. He owes me a favor, and because of that, he will come back eventually. If you go looking for him, you're going to miss him, just like you always have, but at least here, you have a chance of seeing him again. All you have to do is wait."

"And what do I do while I wait? Work for you?"

“Yes, but not in the way you think. We are a family here, and we operate for each other. We have so many things that we are in charge of, but one thing that should be clear is that this part of the district belongs to us completely. Your time will come when you will be needed to play your part, but for now, you are free to live your life. All you have to do is continue to defend your title as champion. Can you do that?”

“Yes,” Carl said firmly. He resolved to do everything it took.

“Good,” A said, with a smile. He passed Carl a bag that had been sitting near his desk. Carl picked up the bag and opened it. The amount of cash he found in the bag, was bigger than anything that he had ever come across, in his entire life.

“This is a start. It will get better, the more you move. Now leave; I have business.”

Carl didn't need to be told twice. He moved out of the room quickly and circled around the compound. He opened the bag again to make sure that he hadn't been dreaming. When he saw the money, he let out a shout of joy. He had something to sustain him, for a long time.

He started to make plans about what he was going to do. The first he wanted to do was leave the Gutter Grounds. He didn't want to live there, and luckily he didn't have to. All he had to do was show up for his fights and win enough to stay relevant, while he waited for his brother to come back. He didn't know how long he was going to have to wait for Joel, but he knew that he would wait for as long as it took.

As he picked up his bag and the rest of his belongings, he heard a sound of a car stopping. Then he heard a few people having a conversation. The conversation seemed to be getting heated, but Carl wasn't interested. When he

heard the sound of a punch, he decided to see what was going on. He turned the corner and saw a man kneeling on the ground near his car, with two people standing above him. A memory of the people that Phil had sent to beat him up flashed in his mind, and his anger rose.

As the men tried to hit their victim again, they were stopped by Carl, who threw his punches immediately. They hit their mark, and as the men tried to fight back, Carl dropped them quickly. One foolishly tried to attack once more, but that ended in him receiving a broken wrist. After this happened, both attackers realized that they weren't a match for him, so they ran away, as fast as they could. As they escaped, Carl turned to help the man who had been attacked, but the man jumped into his car as quickly as he could, not even bothering to look at the man that had just saved him. Then he drove off.

Carl felt like the action was a bit rude, but he understood it. Then Carl picked up his bags again. One bag had his clothes and other belongings, the other had the newly found money that he was proud of. He walked off into the night, not knowing in what direction he was headed. There was one thing he knew though: his life had changed. If it was for better or for worse, he didn't quite know yet. But one thing was for sure—he was going to find out.

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This is the end of *Harry Carter*. Click [here](#) to start reading *The Pack*, the third book in *A New Moon* series on Amazon now!

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## About the Author

Inge Mayhem loves binging on Netflix, reading voraciously and drifting off to a fantasy world.

Inge was born in Sweden but grew up in the U.S and currently living on a range with 2 dogs, 3 horses and a few chickens.

Inge enjoys cheese, whiskey and conjuring up male/male romance stories (in no particular order)...

